ATLAS

JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY

JUNE

JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY

NO. 9

10¢

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ON SALE MONTHLY

THE BLACK BOX!

THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD!

THE HUNGRY ANIMAL!

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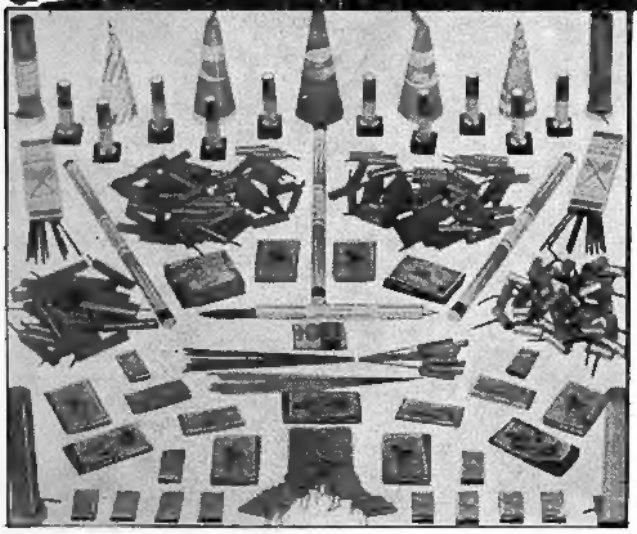

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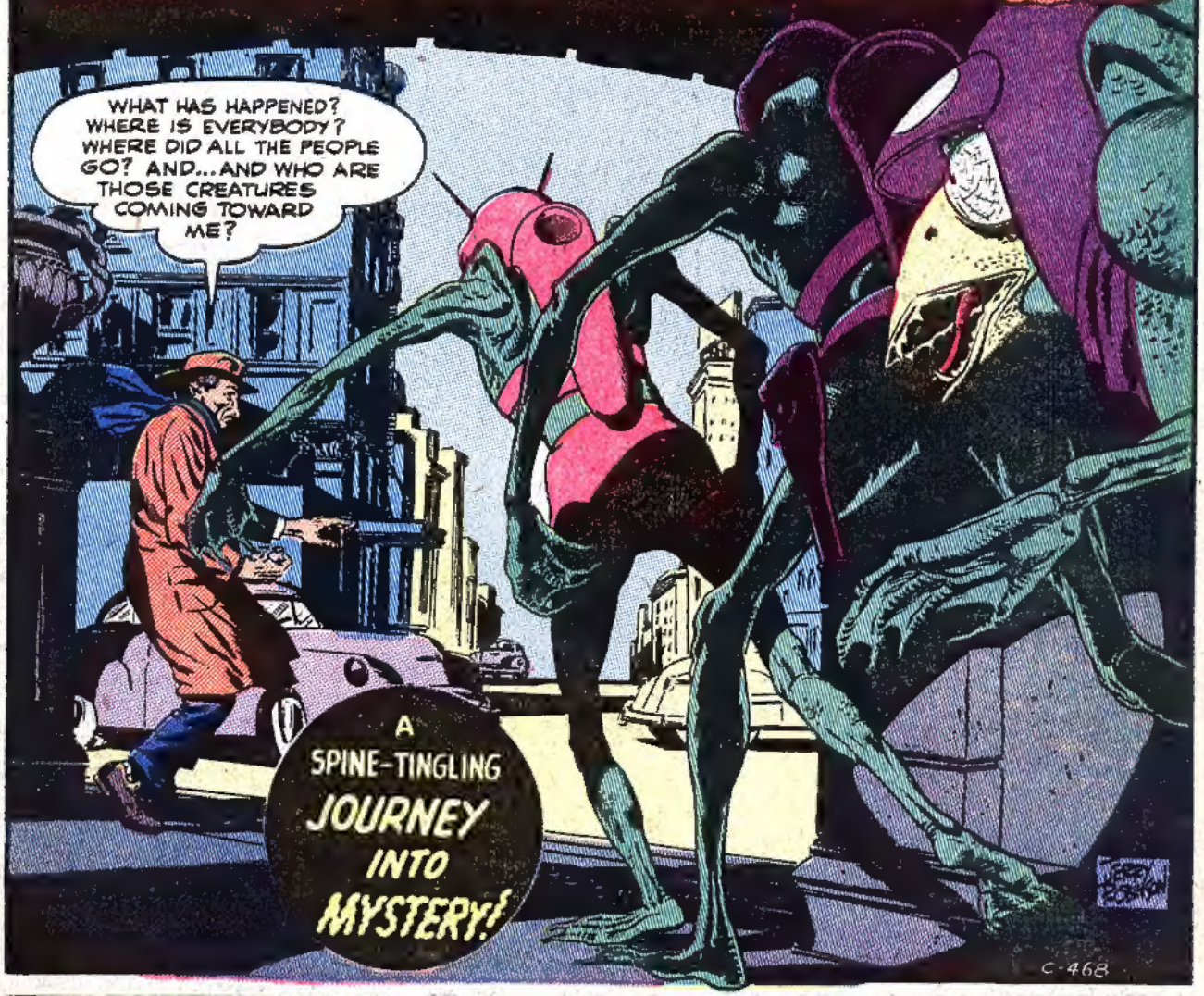
READY FOR THE FRIGHT OF YOUR LIFE? O.K.--GRIT YOUR TEETH AND SINK YOUR FANGS INTO THIS ASTOUNDING TALE OF THE PROFESSOR AND A BUNCH OF CHARACTERS WITH X-TINCTION ON THEIR MINDS!

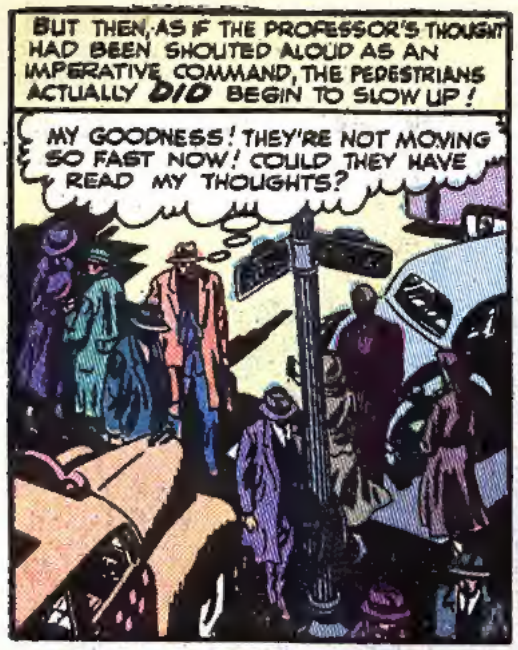
THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD


WHAT HAS HAPPENED? WHERE IS EVERYBODY? WHERE DID ALL THE PEOPLE GO? AND...AND WHO ARE THOSE CREATURES COMING TOWARD ME?
A SPINE-TINGLING JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY!
C-468

GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK... THE MORNING RUSH WAS ON AS COMMUTERS ARRIVED FROM THE SUBURBS FOR THEIR DAY'S WORK IN MANHATTAN...

8:45 A.M., PUNCTUAL AS USUAL, PROF. WILBUR THOMPSON EMERGED ONTO 42ND STREET AND HEADED TOWARD THE LIBRARY, WHERE HE DID DAILY RESEARCH FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATISE HE WAS WRITING...

JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE PEOPLE...RUSHING...RUSHING AS IF THEIR LIVES DEPENDED ON IT! THEY NEVER SEEM TO SLOW DOWN AND TAKE IT EASY!

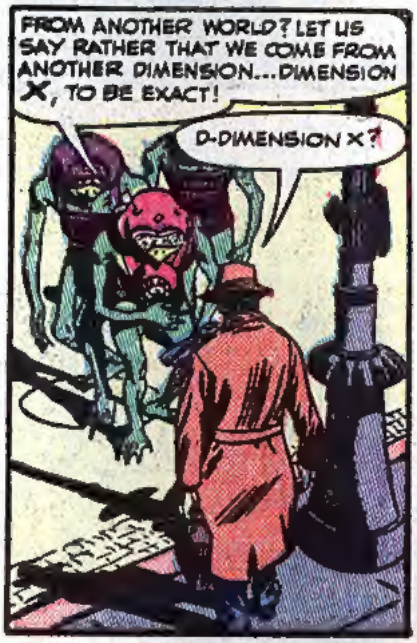

BUT THEN, AS IF THE PROFESSOR'S THOUGHT HAD BEEN SHOUTED ALOUD AS AN IMPERATIVE COMMAND, THE PEDESTRIANS ACTUALLY DID BEGIN TO SLOW UP!
MY GOODNESS! THEY'RE NOT MOVING SO FAST NOW! COULD THEY HAVE READ MY THOUGHTS?

AND THEN THE PEOPLE WERE MOVING MORE SLOWLY, LIKE AN ACTION FILM THAT WAS TURNING INTO SLOW MOTION!
WHY... WHY, THEIR MOVEMENTS ARE GETTING SLOWER AND SLOWER! MY EYES MUST BE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!

AND THEN, AS IF A PROJECTIONIST HAD STOPPED HIS FILM FROM TURNING, EVERY PERSON AND EVERY VEHICLE STOPPED MOVING COMPLETELY! THAT IS, EVERYONE EXCEPT PROFESSOR WILBUR THOMPSON!
T-THEY'VE ALL STOPPED AT THE SAME MOMENT, BUT IT CAN'T BE! SUCH THINGS CAN'T HAPPEN!

THERE MUST BE A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR THIS PHENOMENON! A GROUP OF PEOPLE IS COMING THIS WAY! PERHAPS THEY...

BUT WHEN THESE NEW ARRIVALS REACHED THE PROFESSOR'S SIDE, HIS BLOOD TURNED TO ICE IN HIS VEINS!
WHA... B-BUT YOU'RE NOT HUMAN! Y-YOU MUST BE FROM... FROM ANOTHER WORLD!

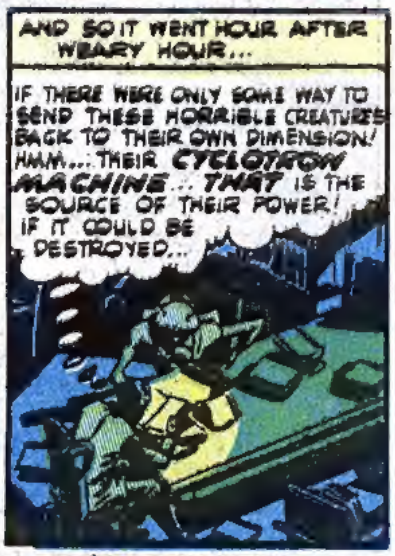

FROM ANOTHER WORLD? LET US SAY RATHER THAT WE COME FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION... DIMENSION X, TO BE EXACT!
D-DIMENSION X?

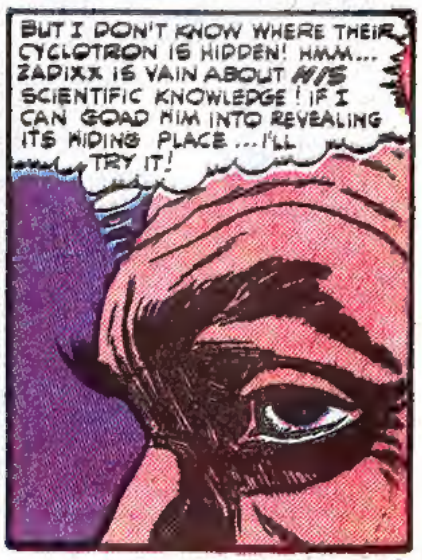
ALTHOUGH DIMENSION X AND ITS INHABITANTS ARE INVISIBLE TO THE EYES OF THE HUMAN RACE OF YOUR DIMENSION, WE HAVE BEEN OBSERVING HUMANS FOR A LONG TIME!
OBSERVING US? BUT WHY?

BECAUSE YOUR WORLD...YOUR DIMENSION...IS MUCH MORE INTERESTING THAN OUR DULL GREEN PLAIN OF DIMENSION X! SO WE DECIDED TO TAKE OUR CONTROL OF YOUR DIMENSION!
SO IT WAS YOU WHO "FROZE" ALL MOVEMENT IN THE STREET! BUT HOW DID YOU DO THAT?
I, NAMED ZADIXX, GREATEST SCIENTIST OF DIMENSION X, BUILT A POWERFUL CYCLOTRON WHICH NOT ONLY STOPPED TIME IN YOUR DIMENSION, BUT ALSO MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO MATERIALIZE INTO YOUR WORLD!
BUT WHY DIDN'T YOUR CYCLOTRON EFFECT ME?
YOU WERE SPRAYED WITH A "MIST BATH OF IMMUNITY" WITHOUT YOUR REALIZING IT! IT SAVED YOU FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE CYCLOTRON! I NEED YOU TO TEACH ME THE SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR WORLD!
AND WHAT IS TO HAPPEN TO ALL THESE "PARALYZED" HUMANS?
THEY WILL BE DESTROYED! DE-ATOMIZED! THEY WILL VANISH INTO NOTHINGNESS!
A SHORT WALK BROUGHT THESE CREATURES AND THEIR PRISONER BEFORE THE EXPANSIVE 5TH AVE. LIBRARY!
THE DE-ATOMIZING PROCESS WILL TAKE PLACE LATER, BUT NOW I AM IMPATIENT FOR YOU TO BEGIN EXPLAINING SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR DIMENSION TO ME! WE WILL ENTER!
EVEN THE LIBRARY'S EMPLOYEES ARE FROZEN IN THEIR TRACKS! IT'S INCREDIBLE! MONSTROUS! IS OUR WORLD REALLY DOOMED?
8

FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS PROF. THOMPSON WAS COMPELLED TO READ AND EXPLAIN THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES OF MANKIND...
...AND THE VIOLENT EXPLOSIVE POWER OF THE ATOM BOMB IS DUE TO THE RELEASE OF ATOMIC ENERGY, RESULTING FROM THE FISSION OF PLUTONIUM OR...
YES... THIS I KNOW! WE IN DIMENSION X SPLIT THE ATOM LONG AGO!

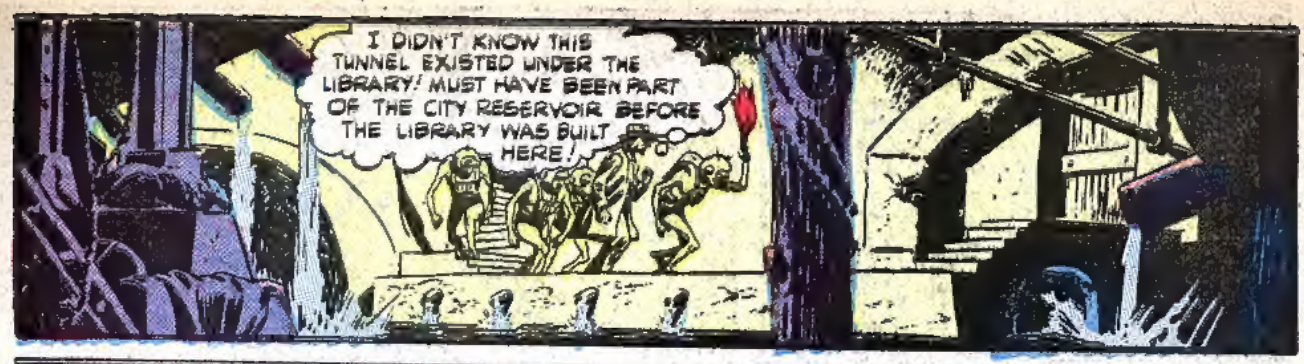
BUT THE HYDROGEN BOMB... THIS YOU MUST EXPLAIN TO ME!
WELL, HYDROGEN IS AN ELEMENT LIGHTER THAN ANY OTHER KNOWN SUBSTANCE...ITS WEIGHT LOOBO...

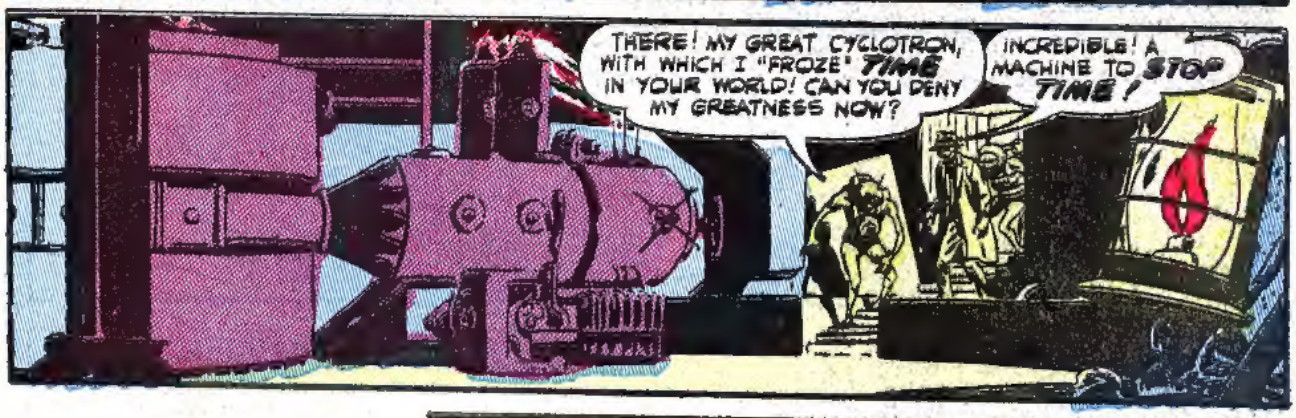

AND SO IT WENT HOUR AFTER WEARY HOUR...
IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY TO SEND THESE HORRIBLE CREATURES BACK TO THEIR OWN DIMENSION! HMM... THEIR CYCLOTRON MACHINE... THAT IS THE SOURCE OF THEIR POWER! IF IT COULD BE DESTROYED...


BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEIR CYCLOTRON IS HIDDEN! HMM... ZADIXX IS VAIN ABOUT HIS SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE! IF I CAN GOAD HIM INTO REVEALING ITS HIDING PLACE...I'LL TRY IT!

BY THE WAY, ZADIXX... AFTER ALL THIS READING, YOU SHOULD BE CONVINCED THAT THE SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE OF MY WORLD IS MUCH SUPERIOR TO THAT OF YOUR DIMENSION X!
SUPERIOR? BAH! YOU HUMAN FOOLS CANNOT COMPARE YOUR DISCOVERIES WITH OUR GREAT ACCOMPLISHMENTS! FOR EXAMPLE, THE CYCLOTRON...WHICH I MYSELF CONSTRUCTED!

THE PROFESSOR WAS COMPELLED TO FOLLOW THE ANGRY ZADIXX INTO A BASEMENT ROOM FAR BELOW THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE LIBRARY...


I DIDN'T KNOW THIS TUNNEL EXISTED UNDER THE LIBRARY! MUST HAVE BEEN PART OF THE CITY RESERVOIR BEFORE THE LIBRARY WAS BUILT HERE!

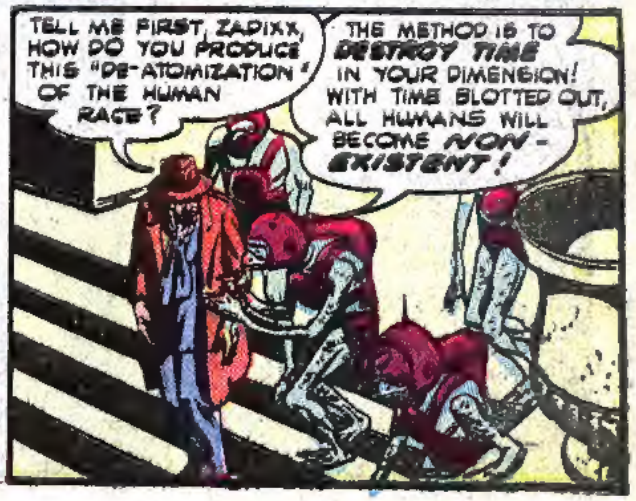

THERE! MY GREAT CYCLOTRON, WITH WHICH I "FROZE" TIME IN YOUR WORLD! CAN YOU DENY MY GREATNESS NOW?
INCREDIBLE! A MACHINE TO STOP TIME!

A SHORT TIME LATER, ACTUALLY MOMENTS IN UNMEASURED TIME, ON THE PRETEXT OF SEEKING MORE SCIENTIFIC BOOKS, PROF. THOMPSON SNEAKED OUT OF THE LIBRARY TO A NEARBY CONSTRUCTION SITE...

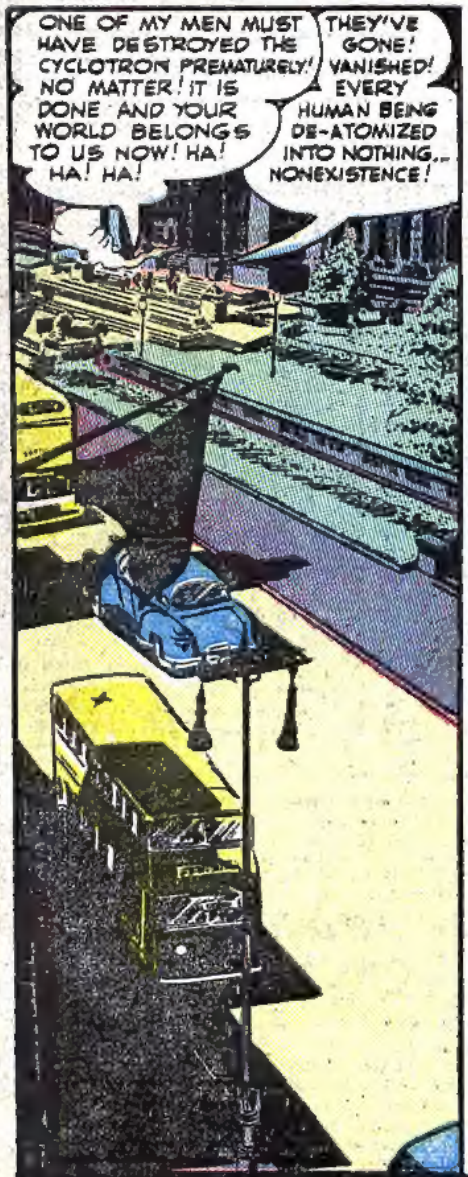
AH! THESE STICKS OF DYNAMITE WILL SERVE MY PURPOSE! I MUST SET THE CHARGE IN THE CYCLOTRON BEFORE ZADIXX COMES LOOKING FOR ME!

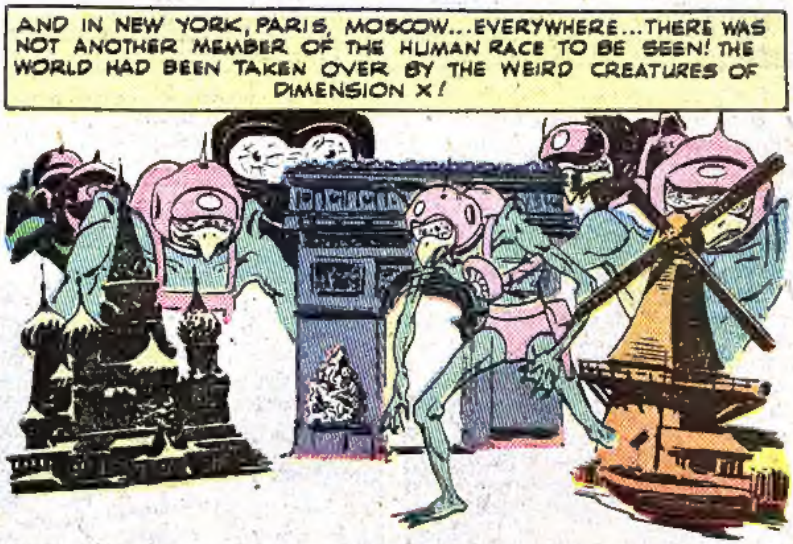
THEN PROFESSOR THOMPSON RETURNED AND STUCK THE FUSED DYNAMITE INTO THE GEARS OF THE CYCLOTRON...
WHEN IT EXPLODES, THE CYCLOTRON WILL BE SHATTERED AND THE WORLD WILL BE SAVED! TIME WILL GO ON AS BEFORE!

AH, PROFESSOR, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! I'M NOW GOING TO DE-ATOMIZE YOUR FELLOW HUMANS! I WANT YOU TO SEE HOW I ACCOMPLISH THIS GREAT EVENT!
IF ONLY THE DYNAMITE CHARGE WILL EXPLODE BEFORE HE DESTROYS MANKIND! I MUST STALL HIM!


TELL ME FIRST, ZADIXX, HOW DO YOU PRODUCE THIS "DE-ATOMIZATION" OF THE HUMAN RACE?
THE METHOD IS TO DESTROY TIME IN YOUR DIMENSION! WITH TIME BLOTTED OUT, ALL HUMANS WILL BECOME NON-EXISTENT!

AND HOW DO I ELIMINATE TIME? SIMPLE! I MERELY DESTROY THE TIME-STOPPING CYCLOTRON MACHINE!
DESTROY THE CYCLOTRON MACHINE? NO! WHAT HAVE I DONE?


ONE OF MY MEN MUST HAVE DESTROYED THE CYCLOTRON PREMATURELY! NO MATTER! IT IS DONE AND YOUR WORLD BELONGS TO US NOW! HA! HA! HA!
THEY'VE GONE! VANISHED! EVERY HUMAN BEING DE-ATOMIZED INTO NOTHING... NONEXISTENCE!


AND IN NEW YORK, PARIS, MOSCOW...EVERYWHERE...THERE WAS NOT ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE HUMAN RACE TO BE SEEN! THE WORLD HAD BEEN TAKEN OVER BY THE WEIRD CREATURES OF DIMENSION X!

I'M THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD! I MYSELF BROUGHT THIS CATASTROPHE ON THE WORLD! I SHOULD'VE HIDDEN THE CYCLOTRON SO ZADIXX COULD NEVER FIND IT! IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN! IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN!

WILL THE PROFESSOR BE ABLE TO RESTORE MANKIND WHICH HE HAS SO FOOLISHLY DOOMED TO EXTINCTION? DON'T MISS THE AMAZING *SEQUEL* TO THIS MACABRE TALE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY*... CALLED "THE *WRONG WORLD!*"

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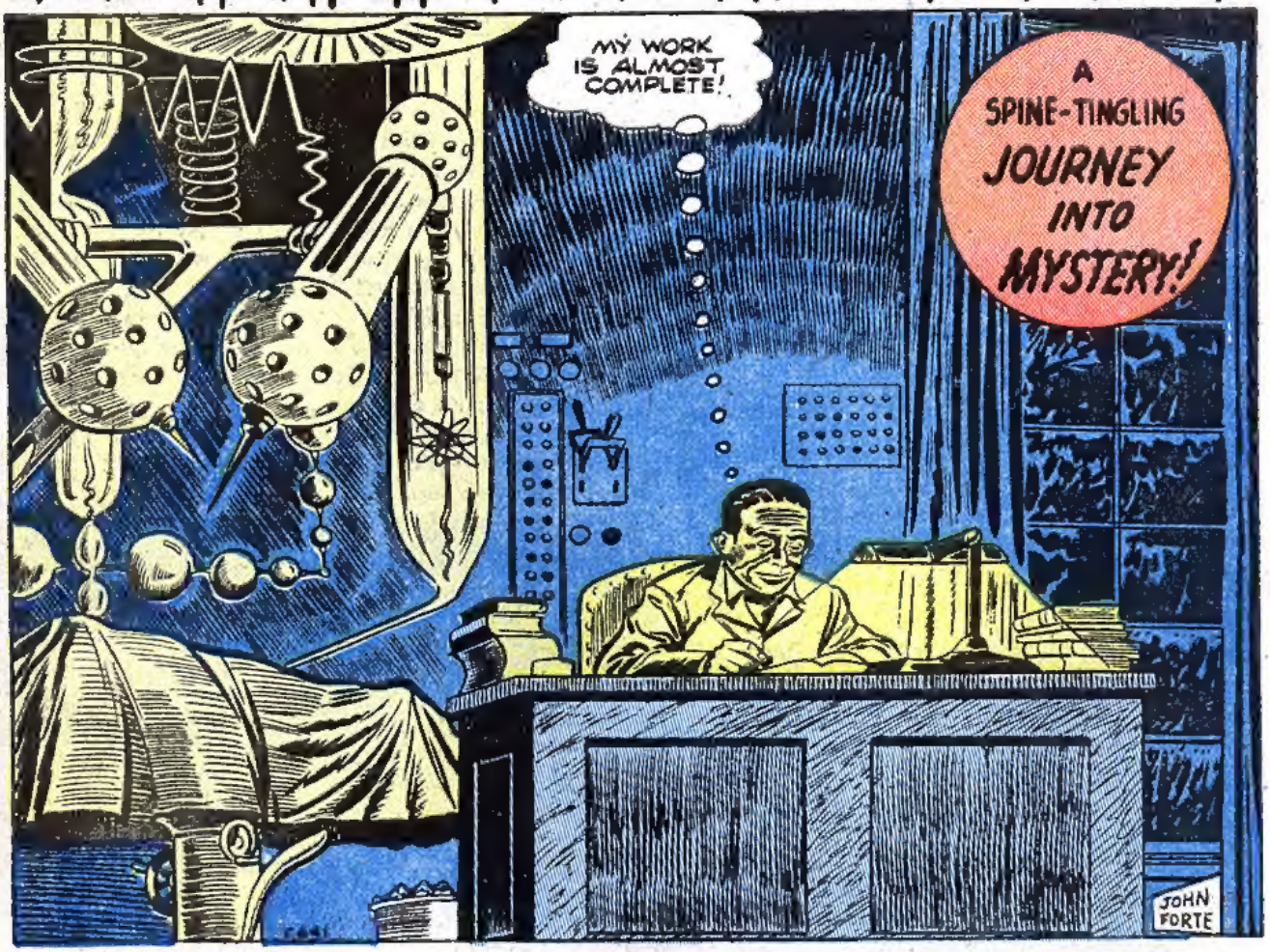
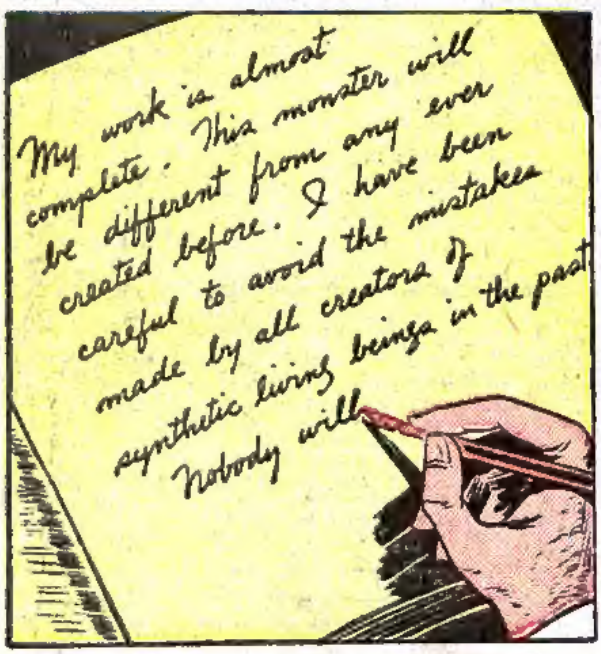
AND NOW LET'S TURN TO OUR NEXT HAIR-RAISER! THIS WEIRDIE IS GUARANTEED TO PLAY A TERRIFYING TATTOO ON YOUR SPINAL COLUMN... A TUNE THAT TOLLS THE FUNERAL MARCH FOR A CREEP NAMED ALFRED! READY TO FACE THE MUSIC? THEN READ ON!

I MADE A MONSTER




My work is almost complete. This monster will be different from any ever created before. I have been careful to avoid the mistakes made by all creators of synthetic living beings in the past. Nobody will

HIS NAME IS ALFRED BARR! HIS FACE IS SCARRED, AND SO IS HIS MIND! HE KEEPS WRITING FOR A LONG TIME... FINALLY HE LAYS THE PEN ASIDE, AND RISES TO LOOK ONCE AGAIN AT HIS MASTERPIECE...

COUNT FRANKENSTEIN AND OTHERS WERE FOOLS! *THEIR* MONSTERS WERE SO HORRIBLE TO LOOK AT, THAT PEOPLE IMMEDIATELY FELT COMPELLED TO DESTROY THEM! BUT **YOU** WILL WALK UNNOTICED THRU THE STREETS... PALE AND WEAK-CHINNED... AN ANONYMOUS NONENTITY!

THE MONSTER IS COVERED AGAIN, AND THE SCARRED SCIENTIST RETURNS TO HIS JOURNAL TO MAKE ANOTHER ENTRY...

All that remains is to determine the specific stimulus that will set off the monster's kill-impulses. The stimuli must be visual (a dot of paint? A chalk mark?) because the monster's kill-impulse is controlled by the transplanted optic nerve.

I must

A NEARBY CLOCK TOWER SUDDENLY CHIMES SIX TIMES! ITS ECHOES ARE STILL DYING AS BARR SLAMS THE JOURNAL SHUT, CHANGES CLOTHES, AND QUITS THE SILENCE OF HIS LABORATORY FOR THE HOWLING WIND AND PELTING RAIN OUTSIDE...

PERHAPS TONIGHT, LISE WILL LET ME KISS HER...

OUTSIDE A MID-TOWN RESTAURANT, AFTER A LONG WAIT, HE IS MET BY LISE LANE, AN UNEMPLOYED ACTRESS! AS SHE GREETS HIM, HIS EYES GLEAM WITH SURPRISING TENDERNESS..

HIYA, ALBIE... SORRY I'M LATE!

"YOU TAUGHT ME PATIENCE LONG AGO, MY DEAR LISE!

ONCE INSIDE, LISE EATS RAVENOUSLY! HERS IS THE APPETITE OF AN UNEMPLOYED ACTRESS WHO HAS TO SPEND MOST OF HER MONEY ON COSMETICS! BARR WATCHES HER, BITTER IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT SHE TOLERATES HIS COMPANY ONLY BECAUSE OF THESE FREE MEALS...

MAY I SAY JUST ONCE THAT YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT? THAT YOUR NEW LIPSTICK IS STUNNING?

YOU NOTICED! HOW NICE! IT'S CALLED *FATAL SCARLET*! OKAY, IF I ORDER ANOTHER CHOP, ALBIE?

IF I COULD ONLY TELL YOU WHAT IS LYING THIS MOMENT IN MY LABORATORY... IF I COULD ONLY TELL YOU THE RICHES I WILL SOON BE ABLE TO THROW AT YOUR FEET, *THEN* YOU WOULD LET ME KISS YOU!

IT HAS STOPPED RAINING, AND AFTER THE MEAL, LISE LETS BARR WALK HER TO HER FURNISHED ROOM! ON THE WAY...

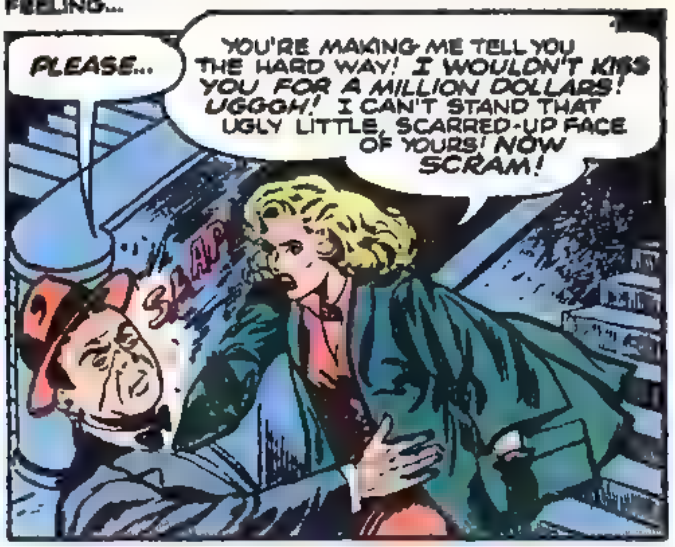
JUST YOUR HAND! *MAYN'T I JUST HOLD YOUR HAND?*

PLEASE, ALBIE... DON'T SPOIL A WONDERFUL EVENING!

IN FRONT OF LISE'S HOUSE, BARR MAKES ONE LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT...

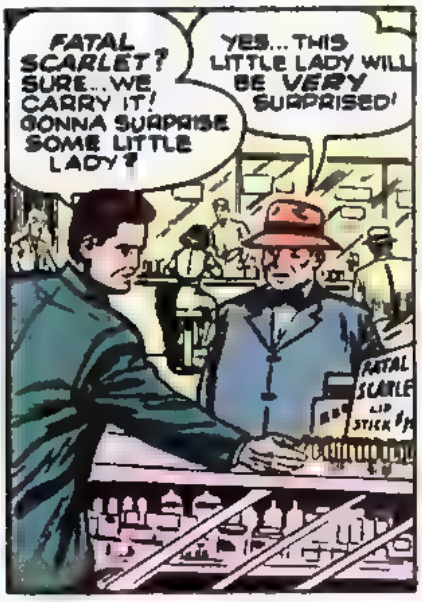
PLEASE... JUST KISS ME ONCE!
ONCE AND FOR ALL, LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT! YOU AND I ARE STRICTLY PLATONIC! YOU'RE A NICE GUY... IT'S SWEET OF YOU TO STAKE ME TO MEALS WHILE I'M AT LIBERTY.. BUT HANDS OFF!

BUT BARR IS SWEPT FORWARD BY A FLOOD-TIDE OF FEELING...

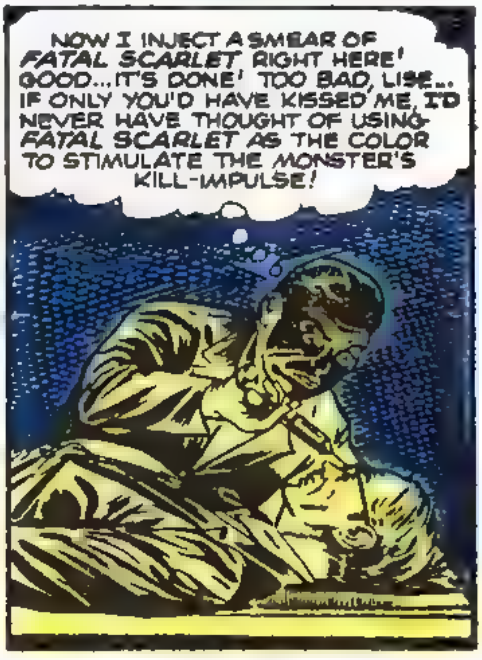

PLEASE...
YOU'RE MAKING ME TELL YOU THE HARD WAY! I WOULDN'T KISS YOU FOR A MILLION DOLLARS! UGGGH! I CAN'T STAND THAT UGLY LITTLE, SCARRED-UP FACE OF YOURS! NOW SCRAM!
SLAP

THE SCARRED SCIENTIST WALKS BROKENLY AWAY! HE WANDERS AIMLESSLY, THRU STREET AFTER STREET! AND ALL THE TIME, HATE KEEPS PILING UP INSIDE OF HIM, LIKE SAND IN AN HOURGLASS...

HOURS LATER, LIKE A MAN IN A DREAM, HE SLOWLY ENTERS A DRUG STORE! HIS EYES BURN STRANGELY AS HE MAKES A PURCHASE AT THE COSMETICS COUNTER...


FATAL SCARLET? SURE... WE CARRY IT! GONNA SURPRISE SOME LITTLE LADY?
YES... THIS LITTLE LADY WILL BE VERY SURPRISED!
FATAL SCARLET LIP STICK

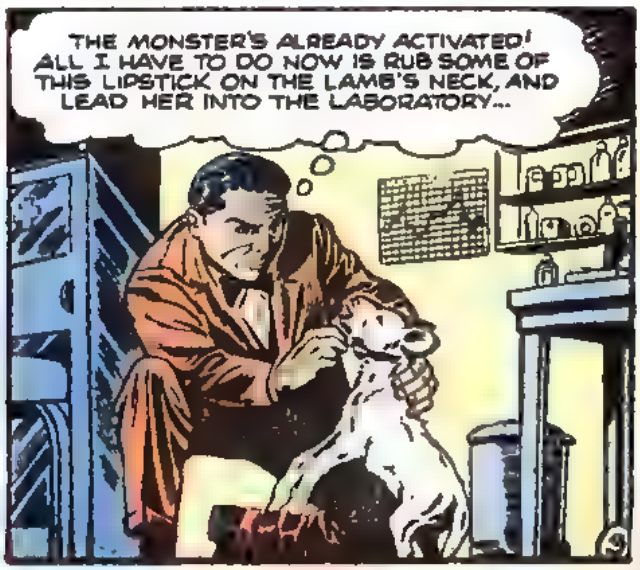
THEN HE RUSHES BACK TO THE LABORATORY WHERE HE BEGINS TO WORK WITH HASTE ON HIS MONSTER...


NOW I INJECT A SMEAR OF FATAL SCARLET RIGHT HERE! GOOD... IT'S DONE! TOO BAD, LISE... IF ONLY YOU'D HAVE KISSED ME, I'D NEVER HAVE THOUGHT OF USING FATAL SCARLET AS THE COLOR TO STIMULATE THE MONSTER'S KILL-IMPULSE!

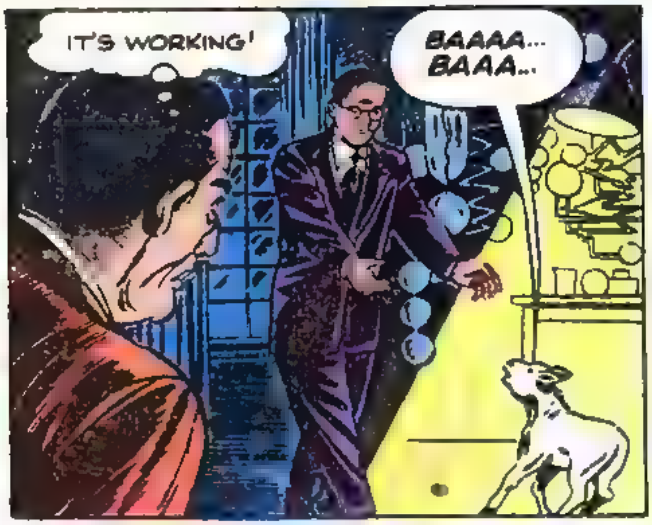
THE NEXT EVENING A WOOLLY LITTLE LAMB IS DELIVERED TO THE LABORATORY...

HERE'S WHAT YOU ORDERED, DOC! GONNA USE HER FOR AN EXPERIMENT?
YES... A VERY INTERESTING EXPERIMENT... THANK YOU! I'LL TAKE HER UP MYSELF!

TREMBLING WITH EXCITEMENT AND FATIGUE, BARR PREPARES THE MONSTER'S FIRST TEST...

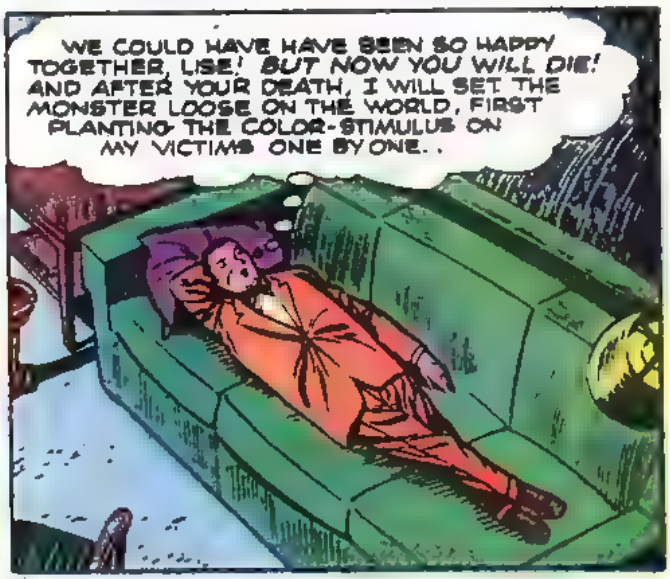

THE MONSTER'S ALREADY ACTIVATED! ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS RUB SOME OF THIS LIPSTICK ON THE LAMB'S NECK, AND LEAD HER INTO THE LABORATORY...

MINUTES LATER, THE LITTLE WOOLLY LAMB BLEATS PITEOUSLY AS THE MONSTER SLOWLY SHUDDERS UP TO A STANDING POSITION...



LISE, THIS IS ALBERT BARR! I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE WAY I ACTED LAST NIGHT. I LOST MY HEAD... AND, OH, YES... I HAVE A FRIEND HERE... A PRODUCER, WHO'S ANXIOUS TO AUDITION YOU IMMEDIATELY FOR A NEW PLAY!
WHAT? OH, ALBIE! AND I WAS JUST FEELING SO BLUE! YOU'RE A DOLL! I'LL COME RIGHT OVER!

BARR HASN'T SLEPT FOR 24 HOURS! WAITING FOR LISE, HE LIES ON A COUCH...


WE COULD HAVE HAVE BEEN SO HAPPY TOGETHER, LISE! BUT NOW YOU WILL DIE! AND AFTER YOUR DEATH, I WILL SET THE MONSTER LOOSE ON THE WORLD, FIRST PLANTING THE COLOR-STIMULUS ON MY VICTIMS ONE BY ONE..

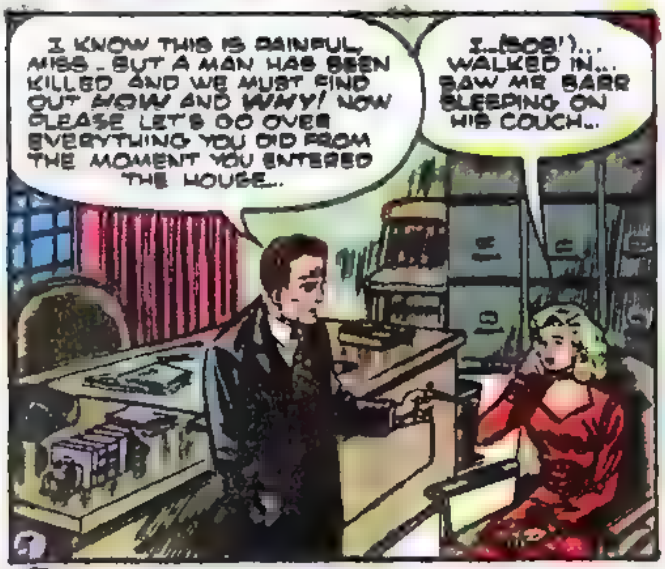
WHEN LISE COMES, SHE FINDS THE DOWNSTAIRS DOOR UNLATCHED! SHE RUNS UP THE STAIRS EXCITEDLY! FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, SHE BENDS OVER THE SLEEPING BARR... HE AWAKENS...

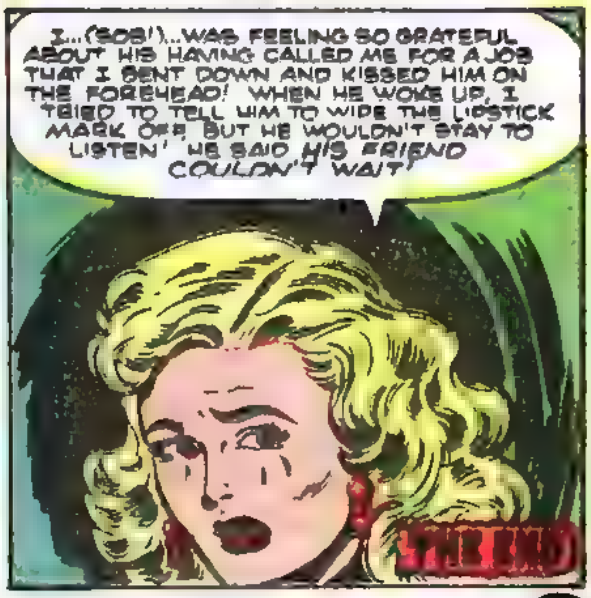
HERE I AM! OH, ALBIE, I'M SO GRATEFUL! WHERE'S YOUR FRIEND?
H..HELLO... YOU'RE WEARING YOUR NEW LIPSTICK, I HOPE! YOU LOOK PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE WITH IT ON!

SMILING CRUELLY, BARR ENTERS THE DARKENED LABORATORY...

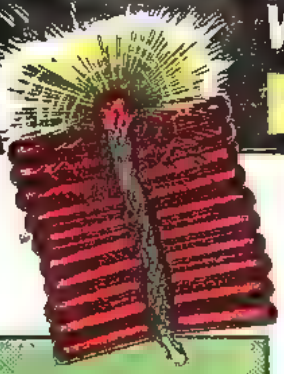
I'LL TURN ON THE LAMP, FOCUS IT TO SHINE RIGHT ON HER AS SHE ENTERS, SO THE FIRST THING THE MONSTER WILL SEE WILL BE THE FATAL SCARLET ON HER LIPS!

BARR WRITHES AND TWISTS, BUT HIS MONSTER'S DEATH-GRIP NEVER RELAXES! THE TWO ARE STRUGGLING NEAR THE WINDOW NOW! FOR A LONG MOMENT THEY SWAY SOUNDLESSLY, THEN TOPPLE SIDEWAYS...
CRASH


THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE OFFICE OF THE D.A....
I KNOW THIS IS PAINFUL, MISS - BUT A MAN HAS BEEN KILLED AND WE MUST FIND OUT HOW AND WHY! NOW PLEASE LET'S GO OVER EVERYTHING YOU DID FROM THE MOMENT YOU ENTERED THE HOUSE...
I...(SOB!)... WALKED IN... SAW MR BARR SLEEPING ON HIS COUCH...


I...(SOB!)...WAS FEELING SO GRATEFUL ABOUT HIS HAVING CALLED ME FOR A JOB THAT I SENT DOWN AND KISSED HIM ON THE FOREHEAD! WHEN HE WOKE UP, I TRIED TO TELL HIM TO WIPE THE LIPSTICK MARK OFF, BUT HE WOULDN'T STAY TO LISTEN! HE SAID HIS FRIEND COULDN'T WAIT!
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS



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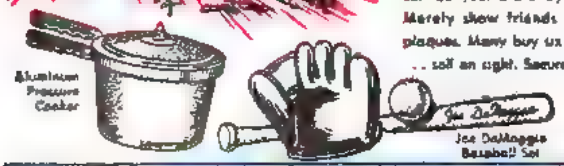

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LAST VERDICT

TO have said that Mr. Chesnit was in need of money—and lots of it—would have been an understatement. One cannot earn a salary of eight pounds a week as a bank clerk and on it support a small racing car, a wife who drank, a Pekinese which overate and a small house in Derbyshire. Mr. Chesnit, being a reasonable individual had never expected that he could.

It was for that reason that for six years now he had been embezzling funds from the balance of the local branch of the Capital and Counties Bank. Mr. Chesnit had expected — which was the one unreasonable thought of an otherwise reasonable life—that he could replace his embezzlements with judicious investments in horseflesh near the various tracks that operated around London and Liverpool. For six years Mr. Chesnit had picked three wrong horses to one of the winning variety. At the end of the period he was still undetected and out of jail, but he had not yet replaced a penny of his thefts.

They amounted to some twenty thousand pounds.

Mr. Chesnit, at first, had contemplated suicide, but rejected the idea on the ground that he liked life. There was only one other alternative, he knew, after that. And it was for *that* reason that he was now in the attic in his Derbyshire imitation Tudor home. After long searching through the old library of the town he had found a fourteenth century volume printed on parchment and buried at the bottom of a pile of volumes that appeared to have been undisturbed since the coronation of Richard the 3rd. The name of the book was written in Latin and conveyed the information that within would be found various specific magical spells for getting rid of warts, conjuring up storms, killing people at distances and invoking the Devil.

Invoking the Devil. Mr. Chesnit had a violent desire to invoke the Devil. The Devil had a reputation for exchanging money for souls. Mr. Chesnit cared nothing for his soul. For money he cared a great deal.

With the book in his hand and the requirements for invoking the Devil boiling in a pot that stood on an electric plate before him, Mr. Chesnit had, for some two hours, been trying to make the necessary spell work. At first he thought that perhaps the ingredients in the pot—purchased from a butcher's shop, a tobacconists, a pharmacist and a local farmer—were impure. Later on, having decided against this possibility, he tried improving the pronunciation of his Latin.

This worked abruptly. There was an explosion of small sound, like a champagne bottle being opened, an intense smell of sulphur and brimstone and suddenly the Devil stood before Mr. Chesnit. He was dressed in evening clothes.

"I scarcely expected you to look like that," Mr. Chesnit remarked, merely to cover his excitement which was profound, and his fright which was even worse.

"Times change," The Devil remarked silkily. "The costumes you idiotic hummans invariably expect me to appear in were suited more to the time in which that book you're holding was written." He carefully examined his fingernails and tapped his shiny silk hat. "Had you caught me earlier in the day I would have dressed in overalls. Overalls are a sensible kind of suit to wear when working around the boiling pits and hauling souls in and out of ovens. It is now evening, of course, and evening is my time off. I daresay I cut as good a figure as anyone in the fashionable magazines."

Mr. Chesnit nodded. The Devil sounded reasonable enough. He liked reasonable people, being one himself.

"You may call me Mr. Sathanas," The Devil remarked genially. "And before you waste words telling me what you want, the answer is yes. It is always yes, provided I get what I want."

"You want my soul," Mr. Chesnit said.

Mr. Sathanas agreed with a bright smile.

"By the way, before we proceed to business, just what is it about souls that you seem to think important enough to worry about," Mr. Chesnit said.

Mr. Sathanas showed his teeth this time in a grin.

"I like to torture them," he said, and Mr. Chesnit's blood abruptly froze. The vicinity of Mr. Sathanas being perceptibly warm, however, it soon thawed again.

"You wouldn't, I suppose," Mr. Chesnit said, "want to consult a psychiatrist, would you? Modern psychiatry has many interesting theories that . . ."

Mr. Sathanas stiffened.

"I am a respectable man, Mr.

(continued after next page)

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(*continued . . .*)

Chesnit," he said with asperity. "And though I move with the times, there are a number of modern innovations that ought to go to the Devil—if you don't mind my coining a phrase." His eyes flamed. "Now — to business!"

Mr. Chesnit laid down his book and began talking. When he had finished asking for twenty thousand pounds and another fifty thousand on which to enjoy life, Mr. Sathanas produced a paper.

"Standard contract," he said and took a fountain pen from his pocket. "I buy them in lot batches from Moriarty and Moran of Tottenham Court Road, London. You can sign right there, Mr. Chesnit." Mr. Sathanas pointed to a line. "In return for what you ask, your soul is of course, forfeit in two years."

Mr. Chesnit looked thouhtful. He regarded the ceiling for a moment, weighed the pros and cons and decided he would have a lot of fun in two years. Besides . . .

"Mr. Sathanas," he said, struck suddenly with a thought. "I think it only fair to warn you that I shall do everything in my power to cancel this contract."

Mr. Sathanas laughed cordially.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "A Devilish idea. You're a man close to my own heart, Mr. Chesnit." Then his face became grave. "But I fear it will do you no good. Millions have tried. Not one has ever succeeded."

Mr. Chesnit nodded glumly.

"True, I suppose," he said, and reached for the contract and Mr. Sathanas' fountain pen. He signed rapidly, handed it back to the other.

Mr. Sathanas bowed and abruptly disappeared. He took with him the smell of brimstone and sulphur.

Mr. Chesnit waited an instant. Then, abruptly a packet of hundred pound notes appeared out of the air. He grasped them silently and went downstairs.

"Wherever have you been?" his wife asked, peevishly. "The house has smelled like a lime kiln, and . . ."

Mr. Chesnit did not smile.

"It is time I told you, Daphne," he began. "I am in danger of going to jail, my dear."

Daphne Chesnit did not wait to hear any more. She had turned pale as cornstarch. Minutes later Mr. Chesnit heard her packing. An hour later she was gone. He relaxed over a scotch and soda, thinking. In the morning he would repay the bank. That would leave fifty thousand pounds over. He guessed he would need a holiday and he would have a much better time

without Daphne. As for the Pekinese, his wife had taken it with her.

Two days later he took the plane from Croydon for Paris, having made his peace with the bank and resigned. It did not take him very long to become well known throughout the Latin Quarter. True, he had a little chill as he came home every night to his *pension* from having a fine time; it was difficult not to remember his debt to Mr. Sathanas, and, of course, Mr. Chesnit hadn't, really, the faintest notion of how he was going to fulfill his boast to him.

By the time the two years were up, Mr. Chesnit's pleasure in his fifty thousand pounds had longsince vanished. Then came his last week-end in Paris. On the following Saturday he attended a *bal masque*. The costume he wore as an Arabian sheik gave him an idea. On the plane over from Paris Mr. Chesnit smiled.

Mr. Sathanas appeared on time, in the attic in Mr. Chesnit's little imitation Tudor house in Derbyshire. His face wore a patient look, with a touch of triumph in it. Mr. Chesnit coughed at the odor of sulphur and brimstone and then snickered.

"Go away," he said. "You have nothing on me."

"On the contrary," Mr. Sathanas remarked smoothly, waving the contract. "I have this." Then he went wide-eyed as Mr. Chesnit laughed. "Really, Mr. Chesnit, a bargain between gentlemen . . ."

Mr. Chesnit stuck his nose up under the Devil's chin.

"Your jurisdiction, my dear sir, extends, as I understand it, only to those who believe in the Bible," he said authoritatively. "In other words, only to Christians and Jews."

Mr. Sathanas' ruddy complexion paled.

"True," he began. "But . . ."

"But me no buts," Mr. Chesnit said, in a lordly manner. "To me you simply do not exist." He smiled smugly. "You see, Mr. Sathanas, *I have taken the precaution of becoming a Mohammedan!*"

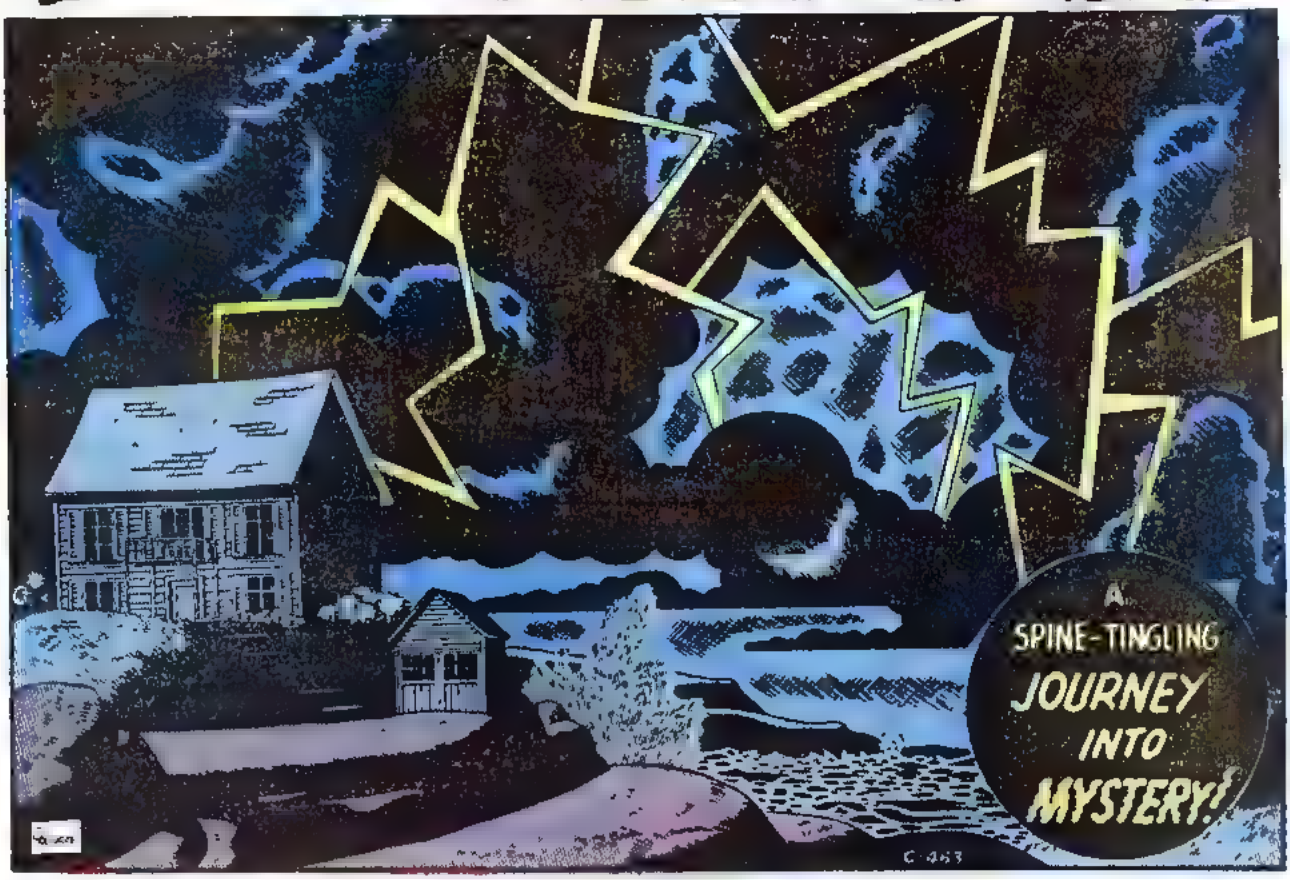
A queer look came over Mr. Sathanas' face. His face deepened in color, became purple in fury. He tried to speak, failed. His color verged toward the black. He made suddenly strangulated noises, then he reeled and fell. Mr. Chesnit bent over him, breathing hard, a little awed at what he, alone, of billions, had accomplished.

For on the floor lay the Devil, in an apoplectic fit.

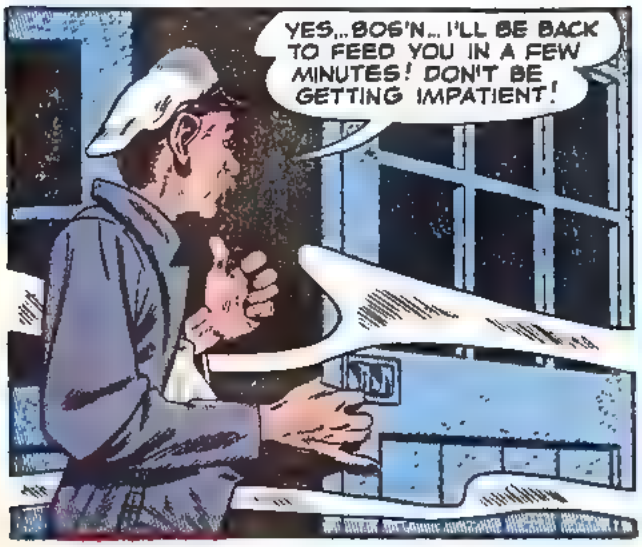
THE END C-552

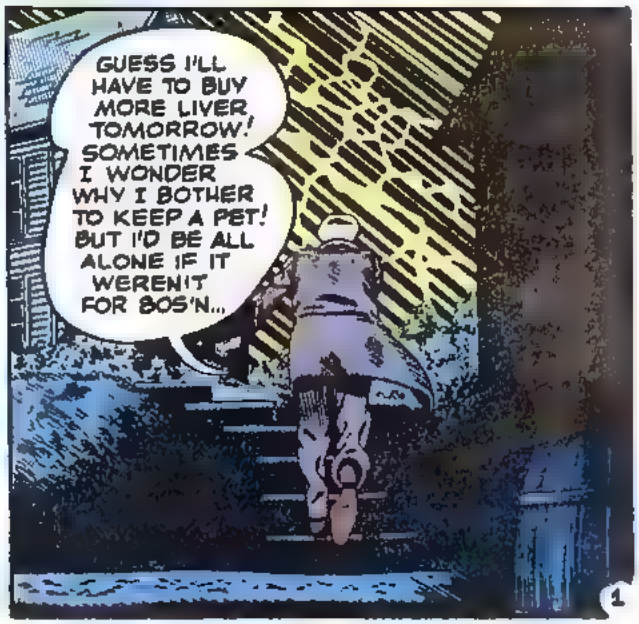
SO LITTLE SCARFACE GOT HIS KISS OF DEATH! NOW HERE'S A PALPITATING PIECE ABOUT A MAN AND HIS PET...THE TWO ROBBERS WERE ATTRACTED TO THE LURE OF THE OLD MAN'S TREASURE...TOO BAD THEY HAD PETS-APPEAL! *THIS* PET JUST WENT *CRAZY* OVER THEM!

THE HUNGRY ANIMAL!



EZRA CUMMINGS WAS A RETIRED SEA CAPTAIN, AND THE LONELY HOUSE WAS HIS HAVEN FROM THE WORLD...

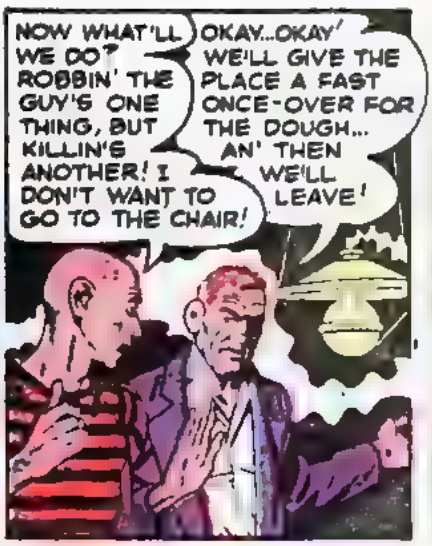



GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BUY MORE LIVER TOMORROW! SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY I BOTHER TO KEEP A PET! BUT I'D BE ALL ALONE IF IT WERENIT FOR BOS'N...

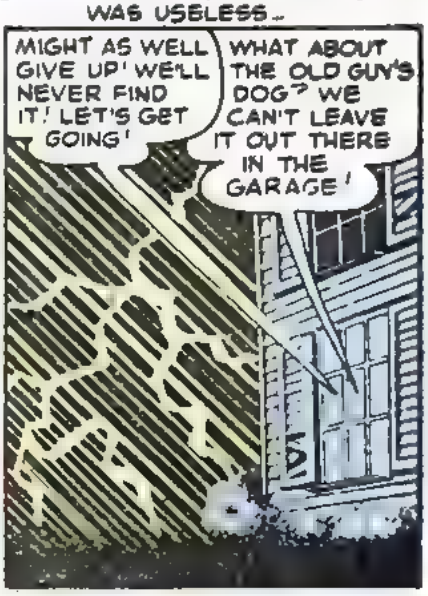
BUT EZRA CUMMINGS WAS NOT AS ALONE AS HE THOUGHT...
ARE YOU SURE IT'LL BE A SAFE JOB, MIKE?
ABSOLUTELY! NO ONE'S HERE BUT THE OLD GUY AND HIS PET... AND THE DOUGH I'M SURE HE'S GOT HIDDEN SOMEWHERE!
THE INTRUDERS WAITED... WAITED UNTIL THE OLD MAN OPENED THE DOOR AND THEN...
OKAY, POP! YOU GOT VISITORS!
WH-WHAT! WH-WHO ARE YOU?
NEVER MIND POP! JUST GET INSIDE... WHERE WE CAN TALK NICE AND COMFORTABLE!
WHAT IS IT? WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?
YOUR DOUGH, POP! THE COLD CASH YOU GOT STACKED AWAY AROUND HERE!
B-BUT I HAVE NO MONEY, I SWEAR IT! I...I HAVE NOTHING... EXCEPT BOS'N!
YOU'RE LYING, POP! I DON'T LIKE TO BE LIED TO!
EZRA KNEW HE WAS STARING AT DEATH! HE ALSO KNEW HE HAD TO TAKE A DESPERATE CHANCE...
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
LOOK OUT! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
2

BUT THE DYING MAN'S THOUGHTS WERE ONLY FOR THE COMPANION HE LOVED...

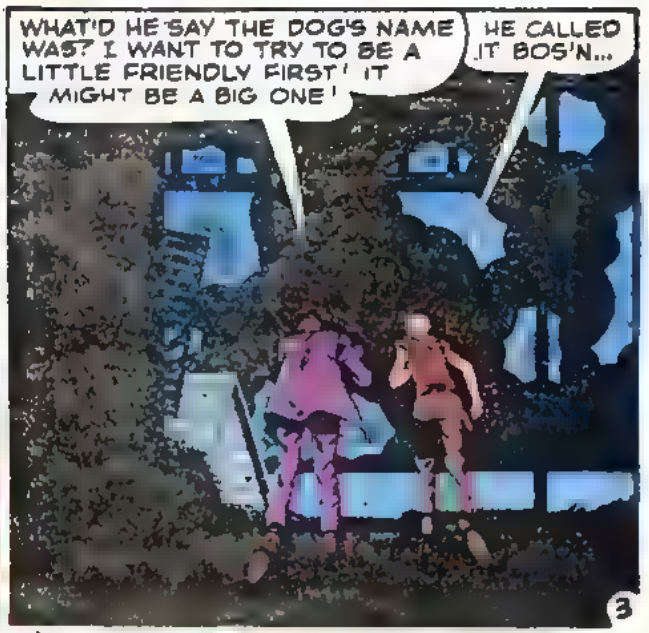
A FEW WHISPERED WORDS... A SOBBING COUGH... AND THEN... DEATH...


NOW WHAT'LL WE DO? ROBBIN' THE GUY'S ONE THING, BUT KILLIN'S ANOTHER! I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE CHAIR!
OKAY... OKAY! WE'LL GIVE THE PLACE A FAST ONCE-OVER FOR THE DOUGH... AN' THEN WE'LL LEAVE!

IT WAS A RAPID SEARCH... AND IT WAS USELESS..



WE EITHER GOT TO FEED IT OR KILL IT! OTHERWISE IT MIGHT SET UP A HOWL, AN' SOME SNOOPY GUYS MIGHT FIND THE OLD GUY'S BODY BEFORE WE HAVE TIME TO GET FAR ENOUGH AWAY!
OKAY... OKAY! WE'LL KILL IT!



MIKE HELD HIS KNIFE READY AS THEY APPROACHED THE GARAGE DOOR...
MAKE IT SNAPPY, MIKE! DON'T LET THE DOG MAKE ANY NOISE!
STOP WORRYIN' WILL YA? I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!
I CAN HEAR SOMETHING MOVIN' AROUND IN HERE! BUT I CAN'T SEE A THING!
I FOUND THE LIGHT SWITCH! I'LL TURN IT ON!
EEK!
OKAY, NOW...TAKE CARE OF THE D...
LOOK! IT ISN'T A DOG!
A GIANT OCTOPUS! NO! NO!
AGHHHHH!
AND SO THE MURDERERS DID FEED BOSN AFTER ALL!
BURP!
THE END
ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

FIREWORKS BARGAINS!!

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Boys and girls this is positively the largest and most varied assortment of fireworks we have ever offered—greater than any previous year. Many exciting surprises await you when you begin celebrating with this GIANT Buckeye assortment. There is enough for a noisy daytime jamboree. For after dark there are pieces that will make you wonder how such beautiful, colorful creations are possible. Here are some BUT NOT ALL of the pieces in this GIANT package. There are too many to list here.

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We ship daily from our big supply of fresh new live fireworks. As the season draws closer we get busier every day. That's why we say:

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Dept. M-66 Wapakoneta, Ohio

BUCKEYE FIREWORKS CO., Dept. M-66
Wapakoneta, Ohio

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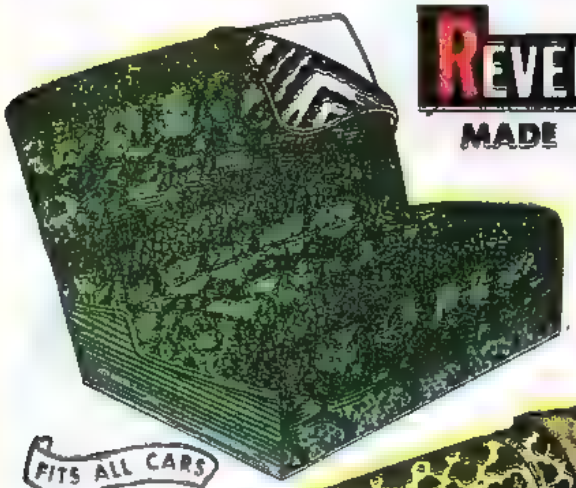
MADE OF FLEXTON — HEAVY GAUGE PLASTIC
GUARANTEED FOR LONG WEAR



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- Waterproof and stain proof. Easy to attach to seats for perfect fit. Roomy and neat. Elastic shirring and reinforced overlap side grips insure perfect seat coverage. Will dress up your car's interior and give protection to seat upholstery. Whisk off mud, oil, sand, grime with a damp rag for bright as new appearance. Sewn with Nylon thread for long wear and durability.

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Choice of split or front seat styles only **$2.98** each. Complete set for Front & Rear only **$5.00**. Specify make of car and seat style with each order. Save Money and buy a set today.

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Snake-Zebra Skin Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front or Rear Seat only **$2.98**

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Please send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ Zebra-Snake Design, Reversible
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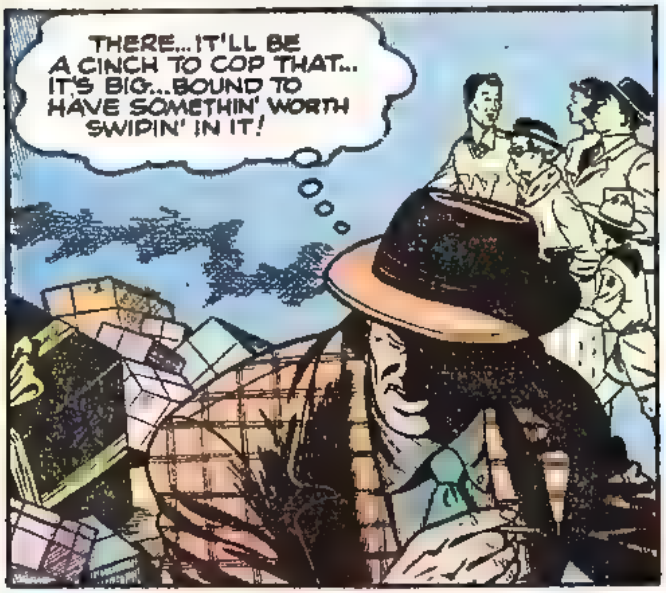
DID YA GET A "SQUEEZE" OUT OF THAT LAST TIDBIT? WELL, FEAST YOUR ORBS ON THIS QUAINT MORSEL! YOU'LL GET A REAL *CHARGE* OUT OF THE ANTICS OF EDDIE THE SHOPLIFTER WHEN HE OPENS THE BOX, THE LID *REALLY* BLOWS OFF! READ ON, AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT WE MEAN!

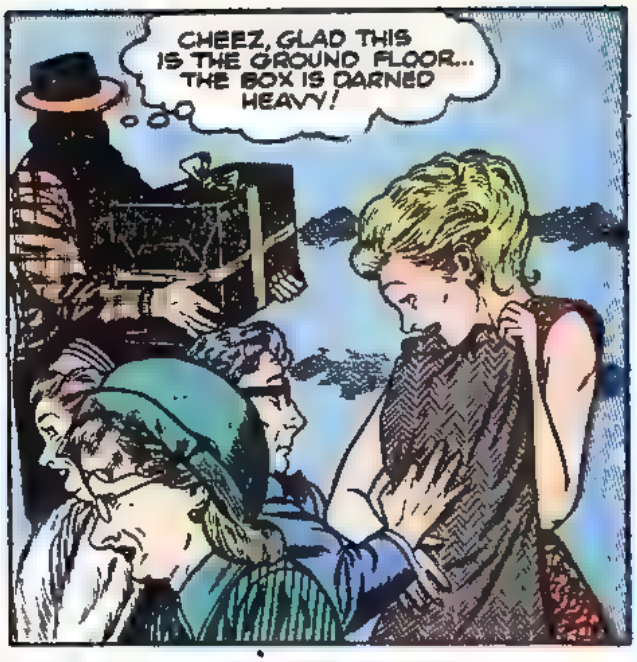
THE BLACK BOX!

YOU'RE EXPERT AT THE DESPICABLE GAME OF SHOP LIFTING, EDDIE RIVERS. STEALING COMES EASILY TO YOU...BUT YOU'LL PICK YOURSELF A PACKAGE OF WOE.. THE MOMENT YOU LAY YOUR GREEDY HANDS ON .. *THE BLACK BOX!*

A SLY GRIN SPREADS ACROSS YOUR FACE AS YOU APPROACH THE BIG STORE...

ALMOST AT ONCE YOU SEE IT, EDDIE...THAT BLACK BOX ON TOP OF THE PYRAMID OF BOXES...

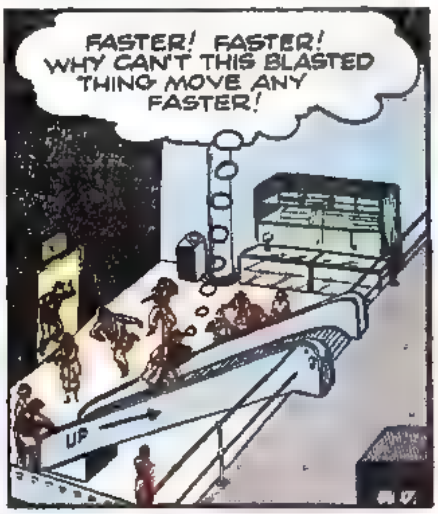




SO YOU THINK YOU'RE GETTING AWAY CLEAN...UNTIL YOU FEEL THAT STRONG HAND GRIPPING YOUR SHOULDER...

A FEELING OF PANIC OVERWHELMS YOU, EDDIE RIVERS...IN THAT INSTANT YOU PICTURE YOURSELF BACK BEHIND PRISON BARS...AND YOU RIP LOOSE FROM THE STORE DETECTIVE...

EACH STEP BRINGS HIM CLOSER, EDDIE...YOU COULD ESCAPE, BUT YOUR OWN GREED MAKES YOU HOLD ONTO THAT BOX, MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO RUN...



BUT YOU ELUDE HIM MOMENTARILY...AND HE HUNTS FOR YOU LIKE AN ANIMAL, COMING CLOSER, CLOSER, CLOSER...

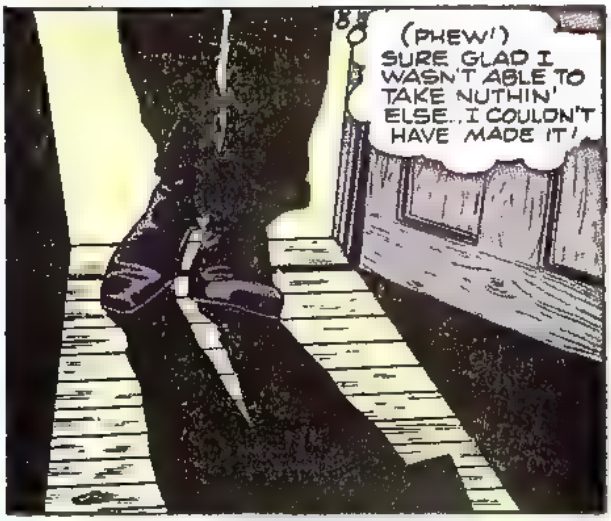
FLOOR AFTER FLOOR YOU CLIMB WITH THAT HEAVY BLACK BOX, EDDIE, NOT SURE WHETHER IT'S THE POUNDING OF YOUR OWN HEART YOU HEAR OR THE FOOTSTEPS OF YOUR PURSUER...

IT'S NIGHT BEFORE YOU DARE LEAVE YOUR HIDING PLACE! THE GREAT STORE IS LONELY, EDDIE RIVERS, DESERTED...

FLOOR AFTER FLOOR YOU GO DOWN... IT SEEMS AS THOUGH YOU'LL NEVER REACH BOTTOM...

A NIGHT WATCHMAN RUSHES AT YOU... WITH ONE DESPERATE EFFORT YOU LUNGE FOR THE FRONT DOOR, SMASH YOUR WAY THRU IT TO FREEDOM AT LAST...

EVERY BACKBREAKING BLOCK YOU WALK WITH THE HEAVY BLACK BOX IS TORTURE, BUT AT LAST YOU CLIMB THE FOUR CREAKING FLIGHTS TO YOUR TENEMENT FLAT...



YOUR HANDS TREMBLE WITH EAGERNESS AS YOU RIP OFF THE WRAPPINGS, REVEALING THE BLACK BOX BENEATH...

YOU QUICKLY REMOVE THE BOX'S LID... AND WHAT THE BLACK BOX CONTAINS STAGGERS YOU WITH ITS HORROR... BUT AFTER ALL, EDDIE RIVERS, IT WAS...

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

Now! KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND!

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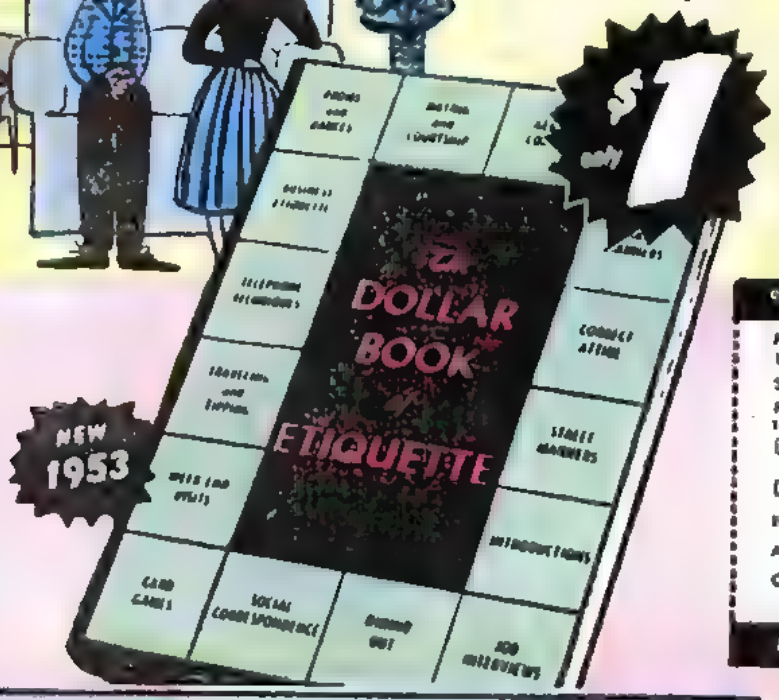

You can't begin to BE YOURSELF if you are self-conscious worried about doing the right thing. Smooth gracious manners put you at ease. They serve as your letter of introduction opening doors everywhere. All the information you need for getting along with people is frankly presented in THE DOLLAR BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. It gives you easy to read easy to remember rules for the situations you are most likely to meet.

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CITY _____ ZONE ___ STATE _____

☐ Check here if you prefer C.O.D. You pay postman 98c per book plus postal charges.

ARE YOU STILL WITH US, CREEPS? WELL HERE'S THE DREADFUL DITTY WE'VE BEEN SAVING UP FOR LAST... SO SOUND YOUR *A* FOR *AGHAST*... WHICH THIS SCARY FINALE WILL LEAVE YOU... AS WE WIND UP OUR GORY QUINTET FOR THIS MONTH!

MY BROTHER'S KILLER!

A SPINE-TINGLING *JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY!*

IN OUR COMPARTMENT, I PUFFED THOUGHTFULLY AT MY CIGARETTE, ONLY HALF LISTENING TO THE REPEATED WORDS OF MY BROTHER DAVE

HE'S DEAD, MAC... ***DEAD***! I-I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! GOOD OLD, FUN-LOVING UNCLE GEORGE DEAD AND BURIED. HE WAS GOOD AND KIND. JUST LIKE A FATHER!

MAYBE HE WAS GOOD TO YOU, BUT HE ***HATED*** ME. HE ALWAYS HATED ME. NEVER GAVE ME A CHANCE!

THAT'S NOT TRUE, MAC! IT'S JUST THAT UNCLE GEORGE HAD HIS WAYS! HE WAS DIFFERENT THAN MOST PEOPLE! YOU NEVER TRIED UNDERSTANDING HIM!

BUT YOU UNDERSTOOD HIM ALL RIGHT 'YOU MADE SURE OF THAT 'YOU DID EVERYTHING TO BECOME HIS FAVORITE! NOW THAT HE'S DEAD YOU'LL PROBABLY INHERIT EVERY CENT OF HIS FORTUNE! AND WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE ME? WHERE!
IT ISN'T LIKE YOU THINK, MAC. AND THERE'S STILL THE WILL 'WE'LL BE THERE IN A FEW HOURS, AND ONCE THE WILL IS READ, WE'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHERE WE STAND!
I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE WE STAND 'YOU'LL GET EVERYTHING, AND I'LL BE LEFT WITHOUT A CENT!
THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT...WHAT ELSE? THE OLD GOAT NEVER GAVE ME A TUMBLE! ALWAYS NAGGING AND PICKING ON ME! I'LL NEVER FORGET THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM! THE WAY HE TURNED DOWN ANY LITTLE REQUEST I WOULD ASK OF HIM!
"IT WAS THE TIME I VISITED HIM OUT ON HIS RANCH IN NEW MEXICO! I NEEDED MONEY DESPERATELY, AND AFTER ALL HE WAS MY UNCLE ...AND RICH...REALLY RICH..."
SO THAT'S WHY YOU'VE COME! NOT TO ASK ME ABOUT MY HEALTH AS ANY DECENT NEPHEW WOULD...BUT ONLY FOR MONEY!
SURE I'M INTERESTED IN YOUR HEALTH, UNCLE GEORGE! WHY WOULDN'T I BE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON WHY YOU'D BE INTERESTED! YOU'RE LIKE A MANGY BUZZARD IN THE DESERT. .WAITING FOR ME TO DROP! ALL YOU'RE INTERESTED IN IS MY FORTUNE, AND HOW SOON YOU CAN GET YOUR HANDS ON IT!
I KNEW YOU'D SAY THAT! IT'S JUST THAT YOU NEVER TOOK TO ME!
THAT'S NOT SO, BOY! IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE SO DIFFERENT FROM YOUR BROTHER DAVE! IF YOU'D ONLY BE A LITTLE MORE LIKE HIM...QUIT YOUR BAD WAYS...YOUR DRINKING, GAMBLING AND ALWAYS GETTING INTO DEBT!
THERE YOU GO AGAIN! ALWAYS COMPARING ME TO DAVE!
I KNOW HE'S THE APPLE OF YOUR EYE 'HE ALWAYS WAS! AND I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA HOW THINGS ARE GOING TO END UP 'HE'LL INHERIT EVERYTHING YOU HAVE, AND I'LL BE LEFT WITH NOTHING...NOTHING!
DON'T BLOW OFF TO ME, BOY! I'LL DO AS I SEE FIT!

FOR YEARS I STRUGGLED OUT IN THE DESERT, HUNTING FOR THE GOLD I KNEW WAS THERE. I FOUND IT, AND I'VE NEVER STOPPED GIVING THANKS FOR MY GOOD FORTUNE! BUT WHAT I DO WITH IT IS MY BUSINESS... AND I WON'T HAVE YOU GUESSIN' AND NINTIN' AT THINGS THAT DON'T CONCERN YOU YET!
NOW GO AWAY! GO AWAY.. AN' DON'T COME BACK... NOT UNTIL YOU'RE SENT FOR!
SO I WENT AWAY, AND NOW I WAS COMING BACK ONCE MORE. NOW THAT UNCLE GEORGE WAS DEAD
BUT FOR WHAT? TO LEARN THAT DAVE HAS BEEN GIVEN EVERYTHING? TO HAVE TO BEG FOR A HANDOUT? TO HAVE TO LISTEN TO HIS PREACHINGS FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE?
LOOK AT HIM! SLEEPING LIKE A LAMB! DREAMING OF THE FORTUNE HE'LL BE GETTING, AND THE GREAT TIMES HE'S GOING TO HAVE!
BUT WHAT IF HE WENT ON SLEEPING? SUPPOSE HE NEVER AWOKE. WHAT THEN? WE ARE THE ONLY TWO RELATIVES UNCLE GEORGE HAD!
WHY SHOULD DAVE HAVE IT! THERE'S NO REASON FOR IT. NO REASON FOR IT AT
THEN A TREMOR SHOT THRU MY BODY, FOLLOWED BY A SICKENING ..
CRASH

FOR A WHILE THERE WAS ONLY DARKNESS, BUT CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED AS I HEARD A VOICE... SEEMINGLY FROM A GREAT DISTANCE...
M-MAC! WHERE ARE YOU, MAC?
AND THEN I SAW DAVE, PINNED BENEATH THE WRECKAGE..
MY LEG MUST BE BROKEN! GIVE ME A HAND, MAC ..HURRY
SURE, DAVE! I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A..
BUT THEN THE THOUGHT FLASHED THROUGH MY BRAIN! IT WAS THE PERFECT SOLUTION
NO! WHY SHOULD I? I WAS GOING TO KILL YOU, DAVE ...ONLY NOW I DON'T HAVE TO! THERE'S NO NEED FOR MY KILLING YOU ..NO NEED FOR IT AT ALL!
WAIT.. MAC! YOU CAN'T!
BUT I DID, WHILE HIS LAST WORDS CRASHED AGAINST MY EARS
MAC.. WAIT. DON'T LEAVE ME, MAC! HELP ME! I'LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING I ARROGHH!
HE'S DEAD, AND I'M THE ONLY REMAINING LIVING HEIR! NOW THE FORTUNE WILL HAVE TO GO TO ME! I'LL HAVE ALL OF IT. .ALL OF IT
THE FOLLOWING MORNING I ARRIVED AT MY UNCLE'S, WHERE THE NEWS OF DAVE'S DEATH HAD ALREADY BEEN RECEIVED! I PRETENDED TO SHOW GRIEF, BUT INWARDLY MY HEART POUNDED WITH ANTICIPATION AS THE LAWYER PREPARED TO READ THE WILL
IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER WHAT THE WILL READS, AS THE ONLY HEIR IT HAS TO GO TO ME ANYWAY!

SLOWLY HE BEGAN TO READ, AND MY EXCITEMENT LEAPED LIKE A LIVING THING!
...AND SO I LEAVE MY FORTUNE, ONE MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD BULLION, TO BE DIVIDED EQUALLY BETWEEN MY TWO NEPHEWS DAVID AND MACDONALD KANE ..
A MILLION BUCKS, AND HE CUT ME IN FOR HALF ANYWAY!
I REALIZED NOW THAT MY UNCLE DIDN'T DISLIKE ME AS MUCH AS I THOUGHT! HE HAD ACTUALLY SHARED HIS FORTUNE BETWEEN US, BUT THAT WAS NOW WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE ..
SUPPOSE WE GET ONE THING STRAIGHT THOUGH! WITH DAVE DEAD, THAT WOULD MAKE ME FULL HEIR TO THE FORTUNE! THAT'S RIGHT ISN'T IT?
IT WOULD, BUT IN THIS CASE IT'S NOT SO SIMPLE!
DON'T BUT ME 'I HAPPEN TO KNOW MY RIGHTS. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING MORE I WANT FROM YOU! HOW SOON DO I GET MY DOUGH?
THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS GETTING TO! YOU SEE, YOUR UNCLE WAS A VERY ECCENTRIC MAN! I'LL READ YOU THE LAST STATEMENT IN HIS WILL!
...AS A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE, I HAVE SEALED THE GOLD BULLION IN ONE OF THE UNDERGROUND CHAMBERS OF MY MINE! ITS LOCATION I HAVE REVEALED TO THE ONE PERSON I COULD TRUST! MY LOVING NEPHEW DAVE!
DAVE! NO-NO.. IT'S A TRICK!
THE GOLD IS MINE! IT BELONGS TO ME! I WON'T BE CHEATED OF IT! IT'S MINE MINE!
ALL OF THIS HAPPENED A LONG TIME AGO, BUT I AM A MAN OF GREAT DETERMINATION AND NOTHING WILL SWERVE ME FROM MY TASK...
MY LUCK CAN CHANGE YET! ANOTHER MONTH, ANOTHER YEAR AND I MIGHT FIND IT! I'LL NEVER STOP! GOT TO GO ON DIGGING. DIGGING.. DIGGING!
THE END
AND WE'LL DIG OURSELVES RIGHT DOWN INTO OUR "SIX-FEET UNDER" AND HIBERNATE UNTIL IT'S TIME TO SPOOK WITH YOU AGAIN! REMEMBER, YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THAT ASTONISHING SEQUEL TO THIS ISSUE'S FIRST STORY... THE TERRIFYING TALE IS CALLED "THE WRONG WORLD!" SO WE'LL SHOVEL OFF NOW... SEE YOU SOON!

Yes sir fellows, this year **BANNER** offers you a selection greater than ever before at the old price of only $4.95. Like everything else the cost of fireworks has gone up. But because you have faithfully year after year continued to buy your fireworks from **BANNER**, it has enabled us to increase our capacity, offer you a greater selection . . . a greater value . . . without increasing our price to you. In addition to all your old favorites this selection contains the newest creations in Fireworks.

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Remember . . . every piece of fireworks from **BANNER** must first pass the Famous **BANNER** test for noise, beauty and sure-firing. When you buy from Famous **BANNER** you get **SALUTES** that sound like a bursting shell. **BOMBS** that burst like crash of thunder. **FIRECRACKERS** with a deafening bang. **ROCKETS** that are more beautiful, **CANDLES** that amaze with their beauty as they burst in the air. **BLOCK BUSTERS** that are heard for blocks. **SIREN AERIAL BOMBS** that screech as they zip through the air and explode with a thundering noise. **BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS**...they fight it out high in the air. **ZIG ZAG WHISTLES** that whistle and scream as they race madly around. That's the kind of beauty and action you get when you buy your fireworks from **BANNER.**

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Get your order in now and avoid the rush that is sure to come later. Fill out the convenient coupon today, or write on a piece of paper the number of assortments you want (1 or more). Sign your name and address and enclose Money Order or Certified Check for full amount. (No C. O. D. Shipments.) All fireworks are sent Express.

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I WANTED TO BE AN ARTIST!

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL I HAD TO TAKE A JOB I HATED. MY FAMILY NEEDED THE MONEY. IT WAS DULL, HARD WORK.

BUT AT HOME I SKETCHED AND PAINTED. MY FRIENDS ALL SAID I COULD REALLY DRAW. I WANTED TO BE AN ARTIST!

HOW I ENVIED THE ARTISTS AT THE FACTORY WHERE I WORKED! THEY GOT THREE TIMES MY PAY... AND FOR SUCH INTERESTING WORK. BUT HOW COULD I BECOME AN ARTIST? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE IF I HAD REAL TALENT!

ART DEPARTME

THEN ONE NIGHT I READ ABOUT A FREE ART TALENT TEST! I SENT FOR IT THAT SAME NIGHT.

IN A FEW DAYS MY FREE TALENT TEST CAME. I COULD HARDLY WAIT TO GET TO MY ROOM ALONE AND START THE TEST. IT WAS FUN TO TAKE... AND I LEARNED FROM IT, TOO

THIS IS A FINE TEST. IT CERTAINLY SHOWS YOU HAVE VALUABLE TALENT WE'LL TEACH YOU TO DEVELOP THAT TALENT OF YOURS IN YOUR SPARE TIME

ALL I ASK IS A CHANCE!

LATER

NOW I'M A TRAINED PROFESSIONAL ARTIST. WELL-PAID, LOOKED UP TO, AND WITH A REAL FUTURE. AND LOOK AT MY MODEL! LISTEN — IF *YOU* LIKE TO DRAW, YOU SHOULD TAKE THE FREE ART TALENT TEST, TOO. *YOU CAN!* →

Find out if you have valuable art talent. Take the famous Free Talent Test. No charge. No obligation.

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Please send me Free Art Talent Test.

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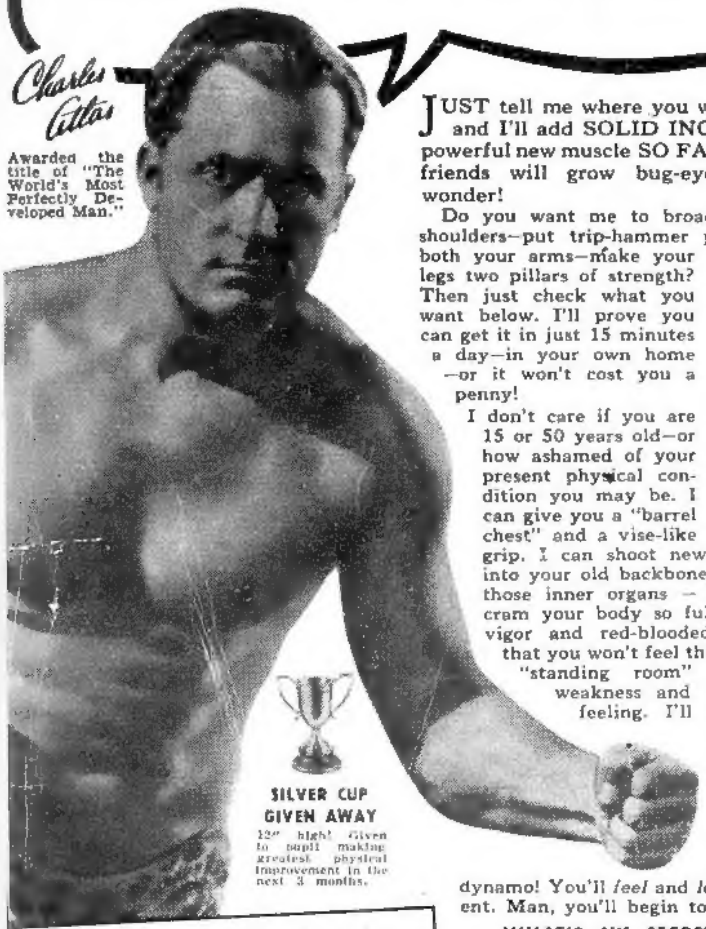
Age____ Phone_____

Occupation_____

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!



Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs — help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll *feel* and *look* different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?
Fat and flabby?
Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through *"Dynamic Tension"* you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—*"Dynamic Tension"* will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of *"Dynamic Tension"* almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And *you'll* be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

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SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what *"Dynamic Tension"* has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 606 , 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

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"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."
—Henry Naven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"
—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."
—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."
—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."
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"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."
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- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
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- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
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Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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LOSE WEIGHT Where It Shows Most REDUCE MOST ANY PART OF THE BODY WITH

ELECTRIC Spot Reducer

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
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FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use spot REDUCER with without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

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☐ I enclose $12.95. Send DeLux Model, postage pre-paid

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City_____ State_____

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose $12.95 for DeLux Model. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

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LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE